

April 2013

How to Fight, How to Sleep

Lee Ann Harrison

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Recommended Citation

Harrison, Lee Ann (2013) "How to Fight, How to Sleep," *The Anthology*: Vol. 2013 , Article 3.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2013/iss1/3>

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► *Running Out of Steam* | Zach NeSmith



► *How to Fight, How to Sleep* | Lee Ann Harrison

Something about a fight

and the way words park in a narrow vein
and fill fill fill
stopping beats on the way to a date.
Rowdy, high, pulsing expectant,
pushed-up bra, pulled-down pants.
Stopped, beats wander
aimlessly away.

Something about a fight

shadowing the day like a weepy weeping willow
long vine-y hair (whiny)
covering the only lit paths to the sun.
Sunlight tries to catch her breath in our slivers, shards.
No luck.
Dying to the night, she tosses and turns away.

Something about a fight

and the cool slam of a door
the crisp break in a voice
the blinding words blinding eyes that no longer see
her
me
you

Something about a fight

and the dark dark bed, her virginal white sheets,
feathers plucked in layer after layer of down
and layer after layer of love
making
and carefully folded, just so. The way she likes.

It's a long way to the other side of a king bed.
Even a leg can't land
sullen, yawning in a grope.

Long, long way to heat
and sorrys.

Something about a fight

and meanings that meant so much
Shredded ideals flicker,
flying, falling, silently,
one-by-one
to the ground.

Paper illusions build and build into piles of twisted origami cranes.
Brutally, she snaps the necks,
one-
by-
one
and the cranes, cry,
see all the others upside-down,
limp heads dangling,
hopeful, and hanging on.
Dangling.

Something about a fight

and how bulging veins pull up festering words in stale sheets,
wrapping cold within and keeping cold outside,
squinting crane after crane into the big king bed,
like a teddy bear sleepover gone wrong.
Branches sweep against unshaved legs.
Trying to spread her.
Trying to let Sunlight back in.

Her eyes, seeing the night of all dark nights, sleep,
in the way
only open-eyes-of-darkness
sleep.

► ***Nightshade Nights*** | Loren Mixon

Heirlooms handwritten in elongated edges
stick their spiny, frayed folds in corners and cabinets.
Directions battered and stewed for melenzena midnights,
letters faded and bitter — committed to heart, not memory.
Lessons taught in degorging and gorging on basil pesto sunsets
in cramped and fragrant kitchens — love warmer than stove.
Rich and tender is the dusk held dear
when mother and daughter create sturdy, simmering memories,
from youth addicted to aubergine occasions and weekday wishes.

Now, often alone dancing the edible dance
far from familial fortitude and long roasted pans
I grasp for the tucked away ritual in the reaches of my mind:
frying, breading, drenching, savoring.
Imbibing history and images of Alberti's past,
nourished by knowing love in nightshade.

► ***Expanding of a Sphere (Arrival of a Potential)*** | Jacob Olsen

